

restrict ourselves to our own particular province and to attempt to be successful therein. Even broad and personal remarks have not been rejected, for nothing plays a more prominent part in student gossip.

To anyone that is acquainted with the condition of our paper, it will be unnecessary to say that the board has been working under difficulties. It is our sincere hope that our successors will be more pleasantly situated, or at least that they will be provided with much necessary equipment that we have lacked. But we also hope that it will not have the effect that the pretty maroon suits caused to the University nine.

LITERARY.

It is only proper that there should be some difference between the style of books inquired for at the University library and at the city library, but one seldom realizes how great this difference is unless it is especially called to his attention. "Have you St. Elmo?" inquired a very well dressed young lady of the librarian at the latter place the other day. Upon being told that it was "out," she asked for "The Last Secret", and failing to secure that, she went off apparently happy with "A Broken Heart" safely stowed under her arm—a state of affairs much to be regretted on several accounts besides that of its seemingly paradoxical nature. The frequency with which this style of literature is inquired for at a public library makes one almost despair of the average American cultivating a literary taste. And after all it is quite an undertaking to form even a fair taste in literary matters, and if one has been so fortunate as to succeed in this particular, it must become a constant test of his courage, for he will be continually meeting persons who are favorably impressed, or even enthusiastic over something which he knows to be wholly inferior in quality. It would not be so trying, perhaps, but it often happens in this, as in other matters, that if a person can't see where his fault lies, it is useless to try to point it out to him. The example of the novel "She" is almost too flagrant an illustration of the fault running through all the novels of pure incidents. It is said that one never realizes that his lot is hard until he has had a taste of something better, and it is really surprising how tame and uninteresting the best of novels of incident, such as Cooper's or Scott's, become after one has once seen what is wrong with them. But if one is inclined to take anything but the optimistic view of life, it will certainly occur to him at some time that the very cultivation of a purer, better and more correct taste is rather a misfortune, inasmuch as it renders totally unenjoyable a large part of literature in which he used to take great delight. One often feels as if the circle of his enjoyment was growing less and less—that each year he grows out of his interest in a great many things which had been a source of pleasure ever since childhood, without growing into an interest in other things to take their places. This would present a very undesirable outlook for a person contemplating old age, and, indeed, the circle of enjoyments of a man of 70 must be very small. Perhaps, though we need not hesitate to acquire as high a standard as we can, on account of any such vague fears, for there is enough that is truly classic to supply one with reading matter for an ordinary lifetime.

HOW HADES GOT AHEAD OF ZEUS.

And it came to pass that a dire famine ravaged the kingdom of Hades and Persephone. It spread abroad even through both Tartaros and Elysium, so that what before were populous cities of the living were now populous cities of the dead. No more did the tramp of guards reverberate through the gloomy halls and corridors; and no more did shades flit about the misty plains. The dog, Cerberos, with the many heads, that guards the portals to that land yawned and stretched himself from laziness. The ferryman on the river Styx was no more; and king Hades reigned over a lifeless land.

And the king bethought himself what he should do, and he went forth from that dismal land, and crossed the river Styx; and came at length to the land of the sons of men, where Helios daily drives his chariot through the heavens. And lo! in the distance he beheld a great mountain. At its base rolled the swelling plains; mighty forests covered its sides, and its summit was swathed in thick clouds. As now Hades drew nigh unto the mountain, he saw it was Olympos. Slowly and with pain he toiled up its sides; and, as he neared the summit, lo! in the distance he beheld the halls of Zeus; and the walls were white like the driven snow; and the roof was covered with silver shields; and the pillars were resplendent with burnished gold. The mighty grandeur smote King Hades with fear; and his knees knocked violently together; and his heart throbbed fiercely within him. As he passed into the marble portico and through the doors of jasper his eyes were smitten by a fierce light. He looked, and in the distance, seated upon a shining throne with Hera by his side, was Zeus. In his right hand he held the thunderbolts, the clouds rolled round about his throne; and the lightnings slumbered at his feet; and round about were gathered all the gods in solemn conclave. On the right stood Phoebus Apollo, son of the lady Leto with Artemis, his sister; Hephaistos, god of volcanic fires; and Hermes with his winged sandals. On the left stood Aphrodite, pure like the sea foam, her cradle; Dionysos, god of the wine cup and the revel; Pollas Athena with her owl, and Poseidon with his trident and his dolphin.

Now Hades, having overcome his fear in the sight of that mighty assemblage, went up with ringing steps and proud bearing through that broad hall even unto the throne of Zeus; and he made deep obeisance unto Zeus, and fell down upon his face before him saying, Mighty is thy power, O Zeus! and when girt about with the flaming cloud great is thy splendor; wherefore I have come unto thee beseeching thee to have pity on me, for be it known to thee that a dire pestilence has ravaged Tartaros and Elysium, and has cut off all my people. Moreover all the tribes of men have grown so virtuous in thy sight that, after death, they are summoned to the company of the undying gods; and not one soul crosses the boundary to my kingdom. I pray thee, therefore, O Zeus! grant me this request: That I may be allowed to send divers afflictions and troubles upon the tribes of men, whereby, if possible, to shake their virtue and thus replenish my kingdom.

And Zeus, being much pleased, lifted up Hades by the hand and said, Arise, thy request is granted; but listen, O King! four afflictions do I vouchsafe thee. Do thy best then; for if thou succeedest not in four trials in turning man from the path of righteousness, thy kingdom shall be deserted for ever. And Hades, when he had saluted the assembly, passed with buoyant tread from the presence of Zeus unto the smiles of Persephone.

Now when Hades and Persephone had consulted long